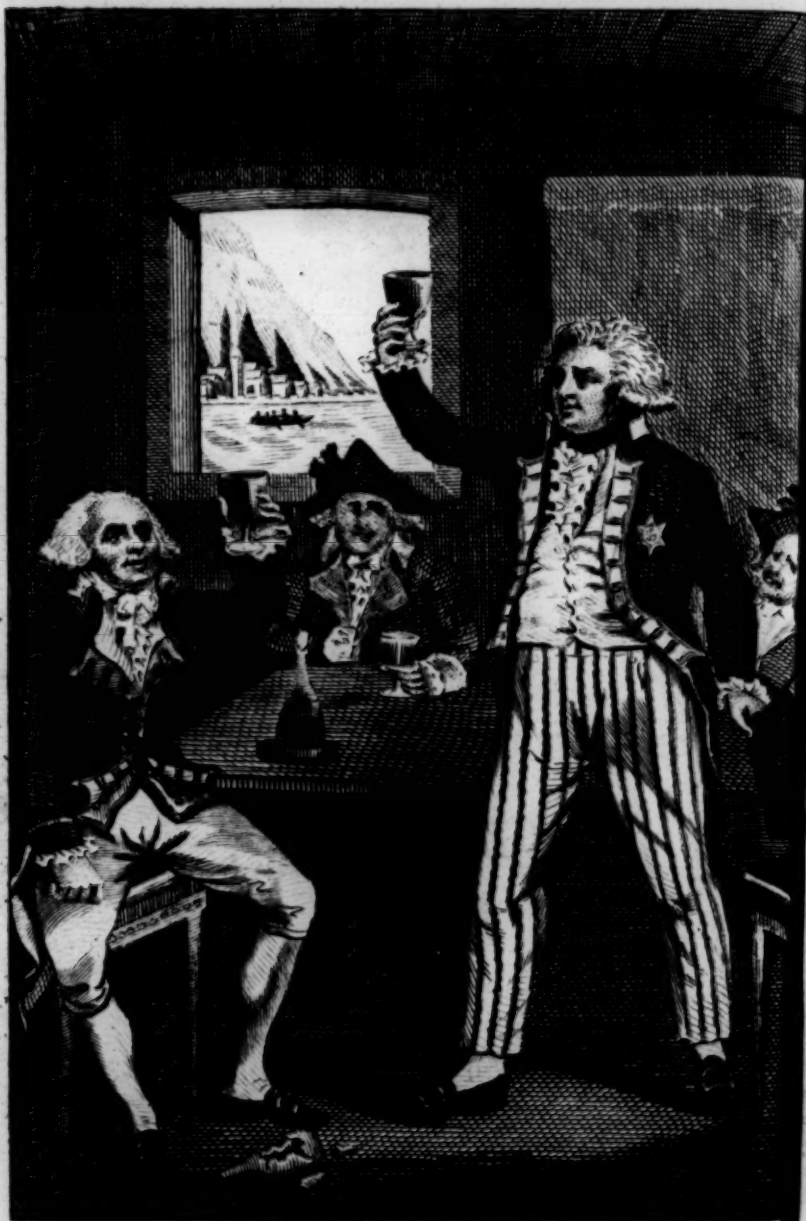


THE ROYAL SAILOR.



*May Neptune for ever acknowledge
Britains King as his Sovereign.*

Published as the Act directs, by J Reach, June 20.th 1791.

London

Second Edition Improved.

The Royal

TOAST MASTER

containing

many thousands of the best

T O A S T S

Old and New,

*to give brilliancy to Mirth and make the
joys of the Glass supremely agreeable.*

also

The Seaman's Bottle Companion,

being

a Selection of exquisite modern

SEA SONGS.



London, Printed for J. Roach, Russel Court,
Drury Lane.

Price 6^d



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P R E F A C E.

TO trace the word Toast, in the acceptance which is here given to it would be an infruituous labour, that would never repay the investigator, nor his reader, by any useful or entertaining knowledge. Its use is well known to all ranks, as a stimulative to hilarity, and an incentive to innocent mirth, to loyal-truth, to pure morality, and to mutual affection. A Toast or Sentiment very frequently excites good humour, and revives languid conversation; often does it, when properly adapted applied, cool the heat of resentment, and blunt the edge of animosity. A well-applied Toast is acknowledged, universally, to sooth the flame of acrimony, when season and reason oft used their efforts to no purpose.

With such advantages, we have not the smallest doubt, but that the following Collection will meet with universal approbation; especially as the very great variety

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ii P R E F A C E.

riety it contains, assures the possessor that, whatever be the company he falls into, he will find many to answer the ruling opinion of the time; and as many gentlemen of otherwise liberal education and inventive faculties, are apt to find themselves somewhat puzzled on these occasions, they will find the utility of this collection, which will save them the trouble of racking their brains for what may not immediately occur, and spare the company the disagreeable sensations that must arise from long delay.

We cannot lament with sufficient energy, the important inconvenience to which the want of such a collection, in former times, reduced our British nobility and gentry. This is, the depriving us of the agreeable company of ladies! a deprivation the more fatal, as it has, and to this day continues, in some measure, to postpone that refinement and delicacy in our manners, which is the boast of neighbouring nations. From the society of the fair

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P R E F A C E. iii

fair sex alone, we can derive that polish which must render us amiable on all occasions; nor have they ever been known to reprobate that jocundity which arises from taking a moderate refreshment after necessary toil.

Nor can we see any reason why they should be excluded from society in those joyful moments, when the soul, freed from the shackles of corroding cares, gives herself up to all her feelings; as their participation would certainly enhance our mirth, and add to the exquisite satisfaction that then possesses us. We do not, by any means, pretend to insinuate, that they should enter deeper into these scenes of conviviality than is consistent with that modesty which so eminently distinguishes our British fair. But cannot they, over their tea and chocolate, take part in our conversations, and in rotation give their toasts without offending decorum.

How far the toasts of former times, when the ladies were in a manner forced to quit the room where their fathers, husbands, and brothers sat; were injurious to morals, it is needless to comment upon—and the regret that always followed such boisterous and illiberal mirth is a sufficient indication of their barbarity. Whether this brutal custom is totally abolished or no, we shall not decide: our design is evidently to contribute to root it out entirely, by supplying the world with a number of Toasts, calculated to banish indecency—to introduce the fair sex to their original right of partaking in all our pleasures; and this, we flatter ourselves, we have effected.

There is no Society, however different in their principles—the debauchees alone excepted, who will not here find something adapted to the taste of each individual, and nothing offensive to any in a separate or collective capacity.

THE



T H E

ROYAL TOAST-MASTER.

THE Sovereignty of the people, acting by a free representation in every nation.

The increasing sacred flame of Liberty.

Perfect freedom, instead of toleration in matters of Religion.

The liberty of the Press.

The trial by Jury, and may the rights of jurymen to protect the innocent, for ever remain inviolate.

The literary characters, who, have vindicated the Rights of man, and may genius ever be employed in the cause of freedom.

Thanks to Mr. Burke, for the discussion he has provoked.

The memory of those citizens who died in France for the liberty of their Country.

The rights of Man.

The Nation, the Law, and the King.

May Great Britain and France, forgetful of ancient enmities, unite in promoting the freedom and happiness of mankind.

The Friends of the French Revolution, in or out
of Parliament.

Ireland and her band of Patriots.

The liberty of North America.

A Reform in the representation, of the People of
Great Britain.

May the Sovereignty of the people, be the *foun-
dation*, and the cap of liberty, the *top-stone* of
every public building.

May the miseries of war, never more have exist-
ence amongst enlightened nations.

The National Assembly, and Patriots of France,
whose virtue and wisdom have raised twenty-six
millions from the mean condition of subjects, of
despotism, to the dignity and happiness of free-
men.

Peace and good will to all mankind.

May Britons feel an interest in all great events,
that do honour to human nature.

May every Constitution be founded on the rights
of man.

May all the nations of Europe, like France re-
nounce ambitious schemes of War and Conquest.

May the people cease to *hacks* for priests, monarchs
and ministers, to *ride on*.

The abolition of the Slave trade.

May complete responsibility, attach to every pub-
lic office.

May the civil power never interpose between the
conscience of man and his Maker.

May timely and adequate reforms, prevent the
necessity of revolutions.

May

May the tyranny of National prejudices, be succeeded by the empire of reason.

May law be founded on liberty, and the people be obedient to the law.

May Britons be as averse to invading the rights of others, as zealous in maintaining their own.

May the calumnies and misrepresentations of the tools of despotism, serve only to stimulate the exertions of the friends of freedom.

May bigotry and party spirit, be swallowed up in the vortex of universal liberty.

May the Sons of freedom increase and multiply.

Every absent friend, to civil and religious freedom.

May private friendship never be disunited by differences in religious or political opinions.

May the whole world be one city, and all the inhabitants be presented with its freedom.

Perdition to those state quacks, who prescribe the people, a straw diet.

May the morality of individuals, prove the policy of nations.

May the influence of prejudice, in matters of government, and superstition in matters of religion, be for ever banished from society.

The standing army of France, who in the duties of soldiers, lost not the feelings of citizens.

May the arms of France, support her free constitution against all her enemies.

May every nation that groans under tyranny be enlightened to understand, and emboldened to assert its rights.

May all civil distinctions among men, be founded upon public utility.

May

May neither precedent nor antiquity, be a faction
to errors pernicious to mankind.

May the dawn of liberty on the continent, be soon
followed by its meridian splendor.

May bigotry, superstition, and all manner of reli-
gious tyranny soon come to an end.

May the walls of the inquisition, be speedily re-
duced to the level of those of the Bastile.

May the wise and sober use of liberty, in those
who, already enjoy it, recommend it to all
mankind.

Prosperity to the free nations of the Earth, and
may the present happy prospect of the increase
of their number, be realized.

May the free constitution of Great Britain and
Ireland, flourish and prosper to the latest pos-
terity.

May the torch of public spirit, dispel the gloom
of despotism and consume its abettors.

May the monument erected in France, to liberty,
serve as a lesson to oppressors, and an example
to the oppressed.

May nations learn their true interests, and no
longer go to war, because their Kings or their
Courtiers happen to quarrel.

May the nations of Europe become so enlightened
as never more to be deluded into savage wars,
by the mad ambition of their rulers.

The abolition of domestic slavery throughout the
world.

All our real wants supplied;
Our virtuous wishes satisfied.

A blush of detection to the lover of deceit.

A sword

- A sword in the heart of the vicious;
 An axe to the neck of th' ambitious. }
 A death-squeeze to the rogue who prefers himself
 to his country.
 Absalom's end to the fomenters of public mis-
 chief.
 Argumentum ad hominem to the abettors of se-
 duction (i. e.) a cudgeling.
 Annihilation to the trade of corruption.
 Britain's main supporters—*Virtue, and the House*
of Hanover.
 Confusion to the minions of vice.
 Beauty's best companion—*Modesty.*
 Community of sentiment to all British subjects.
 Cork to the heels, cash to the pockets, courage to
 the hearts, and concord to the heads of all who
 fight for Great Britain.
 Calamity to those who would make us feel ca-
 lamity.
 Community of goods, unity of hearts, nobility of
 sentiments, and truth of feelings to the real
 lovers of the fair sex.
 Cheerfulness in our cups, content in our minds,
 and competency in our means.
 Care at the bottom of a well, without hope of ever
 being released.
 Conscious innocence, and constant independence.
 Charity to every rich man's heart, and consolation
 to every poor man's.
 Debility to the vicious, and docility to the ig-
 norant.
 Destruction to those who would destroy inno-
 cence.

Delight

Delight to those who strive to give delight.
 Delicious nights to every virtuous heart.
 Dutiful children to all liberal minded parents.

Dominion, glory, peace and wealth,
 To George's offspring crowned with health. }

Dire defeat, long and heavy
 To the foes of our navy. }

Every man a good man, and every woman a modest woman.

Evil to him who would his country harm.
 Emulation in virtue, and emigration to vice.

Extatic bliss on virtue's strong foundation,
 Unlimited in extent or duration,
 To ev'ry man and woman in the nation. }

Each lad his lass, and honour bind them all.

Envy in an air-pump, without a passage to breathe through.

Friendship in a Palace, and falshood in a Dungeon.

Faith in every kind of commerce.

Familiarity bounded by decency, and friendship unfounded by interest.

Fortune every honest man's constant companion,
 and her eldest daughter every villian's inseparable attendant.

Fair betide the friends of Britain, foul befall her enemies.

Goodness in our thoughts, gentleness in our words
 and generosity in our actions.

Gratitude to our friends, and grace to our enemies.

Heaven

Heaven to those who wish for it, repentance to those who do not.

Consciousness to the righteousness, conviction to the doubtful, and contrition to the sinful.

Honour in our breasts, and humanity in our hands.

Health to our bodies, peace to our minds, and plenty to our boards.

Hercules's choice to every one in company.

Holiness to our pastors, honesty to our magistrates, and humility to our rulers,

Hope, and happiness, in every state of life.

Hastiness in doing good, and horror in doing evil.

He that loves, as man should love, and she that pays his love with love.

He that sees his neighbour's faults with an eye to his own.

He that holds his life, only as a debt to his country.

He that sees his neighbour's distress with an eye of compassion.

Innocence in affluence, ignorance in rags, injustice in manacles, and injury in jail.

Immunity and indemnity to the assertors of liberty.

In every just pursuit may Providence insure success.

Innocence in all our desires, and influence to obtain them.

Integrity to all who have the management of public affairs.

Improvement

Improvement to our arts, and invention to our
Artists,

Inefficacy to the projects of those who would hurt
us or our country.

Instability to the councils of Britain's enemies,
foreign and domestic.

Kings moderate, knights temperate, and knaves
obsolete.

Kisses to those who mean not to hurt by them ;
Kicks to all those who would injure true worth
by them. }

Love in every state, untainted by licentiousness.
Labours true rewards to every Briton—content
and plenty.

Love, liberty, and length of blisful days,
To him who seeks not, but would merit praise. }

Large draughts liquid laudanum to him
Who'd sell his neighbour's peace, to pass a
whim. }

Love in every breast, liberty in every heart, and
learning in every head.

Let patience prove that heaven is in our minds.

Love's purest blifs, to him whom virtue guides, }
Its muddy dregs to where foul lust reside. }

Love without lust, and friendship without inte-
rest.

Long may the present George fill Britain's
throne,

And guide his realms by counsels all his own.

Long life, pure love, and boundless liberty.

To

To him who knows to love and dares be free.

May the lovers of the fair sex be ever modest,
faithful and fond.

May the lovers of the sex never want means to
support and spirit to defend them.

Modesty in our discourses, moderation in our
wishes, and mutuality in our affections.

May our wants be sown in so fruitful a soil as to
produce immediate relief.

May the tear of misery be soon dried by the hand
of commiseration.

May the sword of sorrow never wound the heart
of sensibility.

May the watchful villain never find the blind
side of us.

May the streamers of Great Britain be found al-
ways predominant in every sea for the frontif-
piece.

May the throne of Great Britain, never want a
George of the house of Brunswick.

May the lion of Great Britain soon emerge from
the fallacious Pitt.

May British chastity ever keep pace with British
beauty.

May the imagination never over-rule the judg-
ment.

May the weight of our taxes never bend the back
of our credit.

May the cautious fair never be deceived by the
appearances of love.

May our commodities of all kinds be fairly and
honourably entered.

B

May

May we live to learn, and learn to live.

May our lives never seem so heavy as that we should wish to throw them off.

May our conduct be such as to bear the strictest scrutiny.

May our love of the glass never make us forget decency.

May the fire of love never feel decay.

May the mind never feel the decays of the body.

May Britons never have a tyrant to oppose.

May every future King of England be as virtuous as George the Third.

May the present privileges of Britons for ever subsist, and new ones be added to them without prejudice to the rights of the Crown.

May our principles be ever upright and our morals pure.

May our love for our kings, have no bounds, nor our fear of them need any.

May the artful heart be marked on a distorted face.

May the gluttons in lust, soon experience a famine.

May the son of our king, prove a son to his people.

May the sun of liberty pierce the gloom of our prisons.

May the confidence of love be rewarded with constancy in its object.

May remissness in our duties never expose us to reproach.

May a polished heart make amends for a rough countenance.

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May every smooth face proclaim a smoother heart.

May the judgments of our Benches never be biaſſed.

May the poor merit eſteem, and the rich veneration.

May our paſſions be governed by reaſon, and our wiſhes by moderation.

May no ſon of the ocean be ever devoured by his mother.

May every Britiſh ſeaman fight bravely, and be rewarded honourably.

May every day bring more happineſs than its yeſterday.

May the friend of diſtreſs never know want or ſorrow.

May the love of money never make us forget the chriſtian duties.

May the ſpirit of patriotiſm actuate every Briton's breaſt.

May the force of unanimity overcome the boldneſs of faction.

May the wreath of victory ever flouriſh on the brow of liberty.

May the lovers of liberty never want the comforts of life.

May the preſence of the fair, curb the wiſh of the licentious.

May the King of Great Britain never be the head of a party.

May every ſubject love the King and feel his benevolence.

May the interest of the King and kingdom never
 be thought distinct.
 May we look forward with pleasure and back
 without remorse.
 May our fears prove groundless and our hopes
 certain.
 May bashful merit rise to favour, and daring igno-
 rance sink to contempt.
 May real merit meet reward and its counterfeit
 punishment.
 May every virtuous woman be happy, and every
 vicious one penitent.
 May the wealth of rogues devolve upon honest
 men.
 May the rich be charitable, and the poor grate-
 ful.
 May the sons of Freedom be united to the daugh-
 ters of Virtue.
 May the sins of our fathers descend upon our
 foes.
 May beauty in distress always meet a liberal pro-
 tector.
 May discerning eyes bestow charity, and deserv-
 ing objects receive it.
 May fortune fill the lap where charity guides the
 hand.
 May the money expended on charity feasts be
 converted to the use of the poor.
 May the pilot Reason guide us safely to the har-
 bour of perpetual rest.
 May the smiles of the fair reward the efforts of the
 brave.

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May the hearts of our sons be both honest and brave, and those of our daughters both modest and pure.

May the blush of conscious innocence ever deck the faces of the British fair.

May the heart never covet what the hand has no right to.

May the honey of rectitude sweeten the bitterness of sorrow.

May the worth of the nation be ever inestimable.

May private grief never affect the public welfare.

May our ministers possess unlimited confidence, and deserve it.

May British virtue shine when every other light is out.

May the seed of dissension never find growth in the soil of Great Britain.

May the cheerful heart never want an agreeable companion,

May the sister kingdoms never know separate interests.

May we never know want till relief is at hand.

May beauty never be stitched in sheets until properly bound.

May the volume of beauty never be stained by contaminated fingers.

May British virtue ever find a protector, and never need one.

May the secrets of beauty never be penetrated by lascivious curiosity.

May the generous heart always meet a chaste mate.

May the union of persons be always founded on that of hearts.

May the friendly bosom never want a faithful friend.

May the sighs of sorrow never be lost in air.

May friendship smile on our cups and content on our loves.

May the navy of Britain never know defeat—disgrace it cannot.

May the British Empire never know another dismemberment.

May bad example never corrupt the morals of our youth.

May the works of our nights never fear the daylight.

May the sun of prosperity shine constantly on the sons of industry.

May the extremity of right never approach the boundaries of injustice.

May we never hurt our neighbour's peace by a desire of appearing witty.

May prosperity never make us arrogant, nor adversity mean.

May our thoughts never mislead our judgment.

May our wars be just when forced to them, and our successes brilliant and solid,

May all our desires be just and successful.

May honest never want a competency.

May liberty never be *abused*, nor virtue *ill-used*.

May our wealth or our wit never be thrown away upon undeservers.

May the hand of lenity heal the sores of calamity.

May

May calumny fall asleep, and that sleep prove eternal.

May the faults of our neighbours be hid, and their virtues glaring.

May the tempers of our wives be suited to those of their husbands.

May we never want wine, and a friend to partake of it.

May the love of foreign fashion,

Yield to that of our own nation.

May the love of the glass never make us forget our domestic duties.

May the intercourse of love never give occasion for the doctor.

May confidence in ourselves never lull us into dangerous security.

May the morning of our lives entitle us to a calm evening.

May the love of life never induce us to do a base action.

May the principles of Free-masonry be diffused through all mankind.

May every man by his virtue entitle himself to be a Free-mason.

May the living jewels of the British crown preserve their unsullied.

May poverty never be looked upon with contempt, nor wealth as a mark of merit.

May the works of our days reflect peace on our nights.

May vice never find entrance to the breast of a Briton.

May the charms of music harmonize our hearts.

May

May the produce of Britain ever exceed her consumption.
 May the British loaf never exceed the reach of the poorest.
 May a quick consumption encourage our arts and manufactories.
 May every Briton be loyal, and find a royal protection.
 May hope never elude our grasp, nor fear appal our imagination.
 May the aims of monopoly be ever disappointed.
 May the Free-mason's hand be as liberal as his heart is secret.
 May religion and politics flow from upright and liberal principles.
 May the right of Great Britain never be invaded by foreigners.
 May every one be impatient to return to his home and family.
 May our artists never be forced into artifice to gain applause and fortune.
 May surrounding nations admire and prefer the excellence of our arts and manufactures,
 May the voyage of life, end in the haven of happiness.
 May the duties of social life never give way to selfishness.
 May all men of base principles be abandoned by their principals.
 Peace to those who love it,
 War to those who move it.
 Riches to those whose hearts are liberal.

Relief

Relief to the distressed, and rigour to the rigid.

Religion without superstition, and remorse without despair.

Reason in our actions, religion in our thoughts, and reflection in our expressions.

Remission to those who would, but cannot pay their debts.

Refuge to the distressed, and comfort to the afflicted.

Success without a check to the Royal British tar—the Duke of Clarence.

Serenity to every breast that beats with philanthropy.

Success to the friends of freedom, and shame to its invaders.

Success to the lover whose purpose is honourable.

Solidity, sincerity and stability, to our councils, wars, and senates.

Society's surest cements—temperance and modesty,

Sincerity to our lovers, and constancy to our husbands.

Safety to our fleets and armies, security to our councils and senates, and solidity to our religious principles.

The gate of life, and may it never be shut against the honest.

The patriotic triumvirate—Fox, Burke, and Sheridan.

The lovers of virtue in the arms of beauty.

The Royal Charlotte and her female crew—happiness to them.

True hearts and sound bottoms to Britain's navy.

Temerity

Temerity and tenacity to the enemies of Great Britain.

Truth in our dealings and tenderness in our loves.

The unity of hearts in the union of hands.

The staff of life in the mouth of nature.

The heart in the hand, the hand in the purse, and the purse for the use of the poor.

The virgin whom Hymen alone can allure,
And the youth who's inflam'd by strict honour and pure.

The fruit of good deeds to the winter of our lives.

The man we prize, and the maid we love.

The revenues of princes to the hands of the beneficent.

The sunshine of plenty to the retreat of goodness.

The fate of Ixion to the seducer of female chastity—to embrace a cloud.

The virtues of Aristides to all our public ministers.

The valour of Leonidas to our admirals and generals.

The patriotism of Damaratus to our senators and rulers.

The three G's—Generosity, Goodness, and Grace.

Valour without cruelty, and virtue without hypocrisy.

Vigilance without inquietude, and virginity without a stain.

Wit

Wit without virulence, wine without excess, and wisdom without affectation.

When sorrow wrings the soul, may patience calm the minds.

Worth in our hearts, wealth in our houses, and wisdom in our heads.

Wives honest, and widows modest.

Warmth to every heart in a good cause.

When our country calls, may our hearts never fail us.

When passion prompts may reason give the law.

Wealth without avarice, and wine without excess.

Young men moderate, and young woman modest.

Youth without violence, and old age without virulence,

May the eye that drops for the misfortune of others, never shed a tear for his own.

May the time piece of life be regulated by the dial of virtue.

May all inconstant wives be sent to *Coventry*.

Punch in perfection—The waters of life amended by the spirit of content, and the acid of the present hour corrected by the sweets of the future.

May the turnpike road to happiness be free from toll bars, and the bye ways furnished with guide posts.

May our prudence secure us friends, but enable us to live without their assistance.

May avarice lose his purse, and benevolence find it.

Ability

Ability to serve a friend, and honour to conceal it.

Riches without pride, and poverty without meanness.

The honest fellow who loves his bottle at night, and his business in the morning.

The cause of liberty throughout the world.

The woman we love, and the friend we dare trust.

May we never feel want, nor ever want feeling.

May we draw upon content for the deficiencies of fortune.

May Hope be the physician, when Calamity is the disease.

May hemp bind those whom honour cannot.

May our conscience be found, though our fortune be rotten.

May we never know sorrow but by name.

May we never swear a tradesman out of his due, nor a credulous girl out of her virtue.

May they never want, who have spirit to *spend*.

Short shoes and long corns to the enemies of Great Britain.

Success to the foil, the fleece, and the flail.

Good luck till we are tired of it.

May every honest man turn out a rogue.

May poverty always be a day's march behind us.

A hearty supper, a good bottle, and a soft bed, to the man who fights the battles of his country.

May we breakfast with Health, dine with Friendship, crack a bottle with mirth, and sup with the goddess contentment.

May

May our hearts never meditate that which our
tongues should not disclose.

Dignity without pride, and condescension without
meanness.

May the tobacco excise be soon swallowed up in
the Pit from which it originated.

May British girls in future always prove chaste,
and British wives faithful.

Mirth, wine, and love.

Honour, and truth to our virgins and youth.

May liberty never degenerate into licentious-
ness.

May depress'd merit, soon be exalted.

All we wish and all we want.

Addition to our trade, multiplication to our
manufactories, subtraction to taxes, and reduc-
tion to places and pensions.

Beauty without affectation, and merit without
conceit.

Church and King.

Confusion to those who wearing the mask of pa-
triotism, pull it off, and desert the cause of
liberty in the day of trial.

Champaign to our real friends, and real pain to
our sham ones.

Continuance of mind to him who is satisfied with
the station which Providence has placed him
in.

For feastsful mirth be this hour assigned.

Fidelity—and may it be implanted in the breasts
of our friends.

From discord may harmony rise.

Firmness in the senate, valour in the field, and
fortitude on the waves.

Health in freedom and content in bondage.

Health, love, and ready rhino,
To each that you and I know.

Health of body, peace of mind, a clean shirt and
a guinea.

Long live the King, loyalty to the people, and
may the ministry direct their endeavours to
the public good, rather than engage in party
distinctions.

Innocence to the rising generation—and may a
good conscience be the companion of their
lives.

Love without fear—and life without care.

Love for love.

Love without licentiousness—and pleasure without
excess.

May the law never be abused by strife.

May our looks never be at variance with our
thoughts.

May the maxims we adhere to, be drawn from
truth.

May master strokes the nobler passions move.

May we be wrapt in virtue and a good
fame.

May meanness never accompany riches.

May we never be of that description whom vice
makes scandalously great.

May misfortune make us wise.

May we be social to all.

May the mind be absent in expedience for
quietude.

Ma

May the miser live unfriended and die unlamented.

May we never feel miseries before they come.

May a joke never be forestalled with a laugh.

May the monarch only found his greatness on his subjects love.

May those who are not of humble birth, be of an humble mind.

May we never think amiss—so as to judge wrong.

May the freedom of election be preserved, the trial by jury maintained, and the liberty of the press secured to the latest posterity.

May the sword of justice be swayed by the hand of mercy.

May the miser's fear anticipate disgrace.

May we mend by the offences of others.

May opinion never float on the waves of ignorance.

May we never be employed in fomenting discord and in perplexing right.

May we smilingly see the ingratitude of friends.

May we be just to our Prince and true to our country.

May power be a curse when it is not a friend to right.

May our passions never overturn our reason.

May philosophy guide the passions and mend the heart.

May the sons of Phœbus never break their trust.

May we never seek other lives by venturing our own.

May a Roman virtue be encircled with a courtier's ease.

May we consult impartial friends.

May the bark of friendship never founder on the
rock of deceit.

May every mirror we look at cast an honest re-
flection.

May the tear of sensibility never cease to flow.

May the King live to reward the subject that
would die for him.

May avarice lose his purse and benevolence find
it.

May reason be the pilot when passion blows the
gale.

May we laugh in our cups and think when we are
sober.

Laurel water to the secret enemies of our glorious
constitution.

Perseverance and energy to the people of these
kingdoms, till corruption shall cease to disfigure
their constitution, and to rob them of their
rights.

An abolition of the Popery laws ; and an
extension of privileges to Roman Chatholics.

Lord Charlemont and perpetuity to the volunteer
army.

Mr. Paine,—may perverted eloquence, and de-
ceitful sophistry, ever find so able an opposer.

The Society for abolishing the Slave Trade.

The Majesty of the People.

The French revolution—may it ever be thus com-
memorated by the friends of freedom.

Arné, the Grenadier who first mounted the walls
of the Bastile.

May

May the French constitution, which has reason and justice for its basis, be as permanent as the principles upon which it is founded.

May the morality of individuals become the policy of nations.

May the French revolution be the æra of universal liberty to mankind.

May the glorious French revolution be as productive of happiness to the French nation, as it now promises to be.

The King.

The Prince of Wales.

The Queen, and Royal Family.

The National assembly of France.

May the next national assembly of France possess the wisdom, firmness, magnanimity, and public spirit of the present.

The illustrious characters of France who have, at this juncture appeared on the theatre of the world in the cause of their country, and of mankind.

M. de la Fayette, and the National gaurds of France protectors of the liberty, and guardians of the civil order of their country.

May religious and civil liberty always go hand in hand.

Liberty, property, security, and resistance of oppression.

The united states of America.

Prosperity to the new government of Poland, planned by a patriot King.

May

May the precautions adopted in the Polish constitution, for preventing abuses and producing future improvement, answer completely the views of its public spirited legislators.

The Northern Whig club.

The constitutional societies in Great Britain and Ireland.

The memory of John Locke, may his immortal doctrines on the subject of Government universally prevail.

The memory of William Molyneux.

The memory of Dr. Franklin.

The memory of Monsieur Mirabeau.

The memory of Dr. Price.

The memory of Dr. Jebb.

The 14th of July, 1789, when Tyranny received a deadly blow in France, by the gallant storming of the Bastile.

The revolution in France, and may the liberty of that country be immortal.

The revolution in Poland.

May revolutions never cease till despotism is extinct.

The Nation, and the National assembly of France. A speedy settlement of that magnanimous nation, under a free and permanent constitution.

The third of May, 1790, the king and people of Poland.

President Washington, and the free States of America.

Henry Grattan, and the illustrious minority of the Irish House of Commons.

The memory of Dr. Lucas.

Charles Fox, that able and zealous advocate for the rights of Man.

Thomas Paine, and the rights of man.

James Mackintosh, and his *Vindiciæ Gallicæ*.

The memory of Alfred.

The memory of Henry the Fourth of France.

The glorious memory of King William.

The revolution of 1688, may its blessings be perpetual and improved.

The Whig clubs all the world over.

Renovation to the constitution of these countries, by the removal of those abuses, which maim and disfigure it.

Short parliaments, and an equal representation to the people of Ireland and Great Britain.

Mr. Sharman, and our good Whig friends and neighbours, who are celebrating this day under his auspices.

All those who sincerely rejoice in the French revolution, and disappointment to its enemies.

Peace on earth, and good will to all men.

When love attacks the heart, may honour be the proposer of a truce.

A bumper to Britannia: the army and navy.

May the state of the times be a lesson of advice to guard against credulity.

May religion never be personated by the fraudulent purveyors of piety.

The pride of the cit: a cellar well stor'd and a plentiful board.

When the refinement of whim adjusts taste, may modesty be in fashion.

May

The reflector's view, the days past to direct those
to come.

May the factors of virtue never barter her consign-
ments for sordid emoluments.

May the gates of consolation be ever open to the
children of affliction.

The mirth of good humour for ever, unmixed with
polemical sourness.

If beauty gains a man of knowledge, worth, and
discretion, may the suitor be crowned with suc-
cess.

May life's cup run o'er with nector's juice,
To nourish the mortal, who to love does conduce.

May our wants never proceed from negligences of
our own creation.

May the unsuspecting female never be deceived by
the guile of deception.

May humility lead the un aspiring to the mount of
laurell'd honours.

May the ascent of innocence shew clearly the de-
scent of infamy.

The errors of folly and slander's base arts,
May be open to reason to temper our hearts.

Be soldiers honest, be sailors brave,
Then boast proud foe, as England's slave.

Where errors of creed a council employs,
May it be decreed what freedom enjoys.

May the arms of Britain ever be encircled by the
civic crown.

May true patriotism ever be freed from the stigma
of party.

May

May industry always be rewarded as the favorite
of fortune.

The honour of nature, the blessing of life,
May ever attend each virtuous wife.

When honour spreads the sail,
May success blow the gale.

The blessings of peace and happy employ,
May humanity's children ever enjoy.

The fate of Peter the Great to all obstinate poten-
tates.

May the halt of our enemies always betray the
lameness of their designs.

What vice gains by traffic, may she lose in her
voyage home.

When obscenity claims audience, may his audi-
tors turn pugilists.

In the choice of professions, may that of friendship
be surest of success.

May honesty never be ashamed of an unfashion-
able garment.

When reason takes the 'bar, may our members be
ready to acquiesce in her decision.

May the wings of love never receive a moulting
through the means of a severe reprimand.

When virtue demands the reward of her deeds may
the liberal hand bestow the benefaction.

May honour and honesty make the grand tour un-
contaminated.

May every member of the state subscribe to the
charter of liberty.

May the licence of liberty never give pretext to a
second religious riot.

The

The gift of the gods; a handsome wife, a steady friend, and sound claret.

The three good C's, conscience, claret, and cash.

When the pulpit directs our mystic flight,
May the preacher himself turn to the right.

When the trap's set for the delinquent, may the innocent escape the PIT.

Health to my body, wealth to my purse,
Heaven to my soul, and I wish you no worse.

That King, who is the father of the people, and the master of himself, and that Minister, who is the servant of his king, and the guardian of the people's rights.

May he who has spirit to resent a wrong, have a heart to forgive it.

May the bud of affection be ripen'd by the sunshine of sincerity.

When honor is to be decided by the sword, may it never find the way to the heart.

The Heir Apparent—and may his apparent virtues render him an eligible successor to the British Crown.

Let those who seek to injure the oppressed, be rather confus'd by shame, than punished by revenge.

May we never, by overleaping the bounds of prudence, trespass upon the bosom of friendship.

The Englishman's triumvirate—love, wine, and liberty.

When

When sorrows approach, to o'erwhelm us in
grief,

May the tears of the tankard afford us relief.

May strife and discord be banished from society,
and true friendship made perpetual president.

When wine enlivens the heart, let friendship sur-
round the bottle.

The two most valuable jewels in the British crown
liberty and the people's love.

May fortune resemble the bottle and bowl, and
stand by the man who can't stand by himself.

When anger clouds the brow, may forgiveness sit
in the heart.

May the sword of justice be sway'd by the hand of
mercy.

May the laws of humanity be put in full force
against the perpetrators of cruelty.

May the moments of mirth be regulated by the
dial of reason.

May the heart that aches at the sight of sorrow,
always be blest with the means to relieve it.

May riches be respected as a good servant, but
never made the object of idolatry.

May reason be enthroned a supreme monarch, and
our passions subject to his laws.

May virtue encrease her exports and imports, and
vice become a bankrupt.

May wisdom be the umpire, when pleasure gives
the prize.

Health to the King, prosperity to the People, and
may the ministry direct their endeavours to
the public good, rather than engage in party
distinctions.

May

May friendship be enliven'd by good humour, but
never wounded by wit.

Prosperity to the liberty of the press in asserting
the rights of the people—confusion to it when
insulting the sufferings of a sovereign.

May our laws guard our liberties, and never be
depraved by oppression.

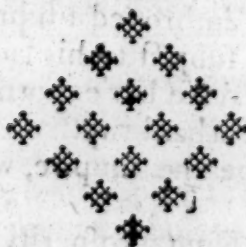
Plenty to the heart expanded by generosity.

May the examples of evil produce good, and re-
ward effect that reformation to which punish-
ment has been found ineffectual.

May our prudence secure us friends, but enable us
to live without their assistance.

May our hearts never meditate that which our
tongues should not utter.

Freedom to those who dare contend for it, with
love to quicken, and health to engage the ex-
alted blessing.



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THE
SEAMAN'S BOTTLE COMPANION;

Being a Selection of exquisite

MODERN SEA SONGS.

S O N G.

Written by Mr. DIBDIN.

A SAILOR's life's a life of woe,
He works now late now early,
Now up and down, now to and fro;
What then, he takes it chearly;
Blest with a smiling can of grog,
If duty call, stand, rise, or fall,
To fate's last verge he'll jog,
The cadge to weigh,
The sheets belay,
He does it with a wish,
To heave the lead,
Or to cat-head,
The pond'rous anchor fish.
For while the grog goes round,
All sense of danger's drown'd,
We despise it to a man.

D

We

We sing a little,
And laugh a little,
And work a little,
And swear a little,
And fiddle a little,
And foot it a little,
And swig the flowing can.

If howling winds and roaring seas,
Give proof of coming danger,
We view the storm, our hearts at ease,
For Jack's to fear a stranger,
Blest with the smiling grog we fly,
Where now below,
We headlong go.
Now rise on mountains high,
Spite of the gale,
We hand the sail,
Or take the needful reef,
Or man the deck,
To clear some wreck,
To give the ship relief.
Though perils threat around,
All sense of danger drown'd,
We despise it to a man.

We sing a little, &c

But yet think not our case is hard,
Tho' storms at sea thus treat us,
For coming home, a sweet reward,
With smiles our sweethearts greet us;
Now too, the friendly grog we quaff,
Our am'rous toast
Her we love most,
And gaily sing and laugh.

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Th

The sails we furl,
 Then, for each girl,
 The petticoat display,
 The deck we clear,
 Then three times cheer,
 As we their charms survey.
 And then the grog goes round,
 All sense of danger drown'd,
 We despise it to a man.

We sing a little, &c.



S O N G.

Sung by Mr. INCLEDON.

THE dauntless sailor leaves his home,
 Each softer joy and ease;
 To distant climes he loves to roam,
 Nor dreads th' boist'rous seas.
 His heart with hope of vict'ry gay,
 Scorns from the foe to run;
 In battle terrors melt away,
 As snow before the sun.

le, &c. Though all the nations of the world,
 Britannia's flag would lower,
 Her banners still shall wave unfurl'd,
 And dare their haughty pow'r,
 But see Bellona sheathes her sword,
 Hush'd is the angry main;
 The cannon's roar no more is heard,
 Sweet peace resumes her reign.

He hastes unto his native shore,
 Where dwells sweet joy and rest;
 His lovely Susan smiles implore,
 To crown and make him blest:
 Now all the toils and dangers past,
 And Susan's love remains,
 The honest Tar is blest at last,
 Her smiles rewards his pains.

S O N G.

Written by Mr. DIBDIN.

I WAS, d'ye see, a waterman,
 As tight and spruce as any,
 'Twixt Richmond town
 And Horsley Down
 I earn'd an honest penny:
 None could of fortune's favours brag
 More than could lucky I,
 My cot was snug, well fill'd my cag,
 My grunter in the sty:
 With wherry tight
 And bosom light
 I cheefully did row,
 And, to complete this princely life,
 Sure never man had friend and wife
 Like my Poll and partner Joe.

I roll'd in joys like these awhile
 Folks far and near caress'd me,
 'Till, woe is me,
 So lubberly
 The press-gang came and press'd me:

How

How could I all these pleasures leave ?

How with my wherry part ?

I never so took on to grieve,

It wrung my very heart.

But when on board

They gave the word,

To foreign parts to go,

I ru'd the moment I was born,

That ever I should thus be torn

From my Poll and my partner Joe.

I did my duty manfully

While on the billows rolling,

And, night or day

Could find my way

Blindfold to the main-top bowling :

Thus all the dangers of the main,

Quickfands and gales of wind,

I brav'd, in hopes to taste again

The joys I left behind :

In climes afar,

The hottest war,

Pour'd broadsides on the foe,

In hopes these perils to relate,

As by my side attentive fate,

My Poll and my partner Joe.

At last it pleas'd his majesty

To give peace to the nation,

And honest hearts,

From foreign parts,

Came home for consolation ;

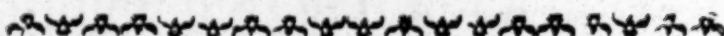
Like lightning—for I felt new life,

Now safe from all alarms—

I rush'd, and found my friend and wife

Lock'd in each other's arms !

Yet fancy not,
I bore my lot
Tame like a lubber:—No;
For seeing I was finely trick'd,
Plump to the devil I fairly kick'd
My Poll and my partner Joe.



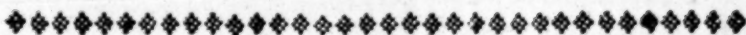
S O N G.

COME my jolly lads, the wind's abaft,
Brisk gales our sails shall crowd,
Come bustle, bustle, bustle, boys,
Hawl the boat, the boatswain pipes aloud,
The ship's unmoor'd,
All hands on board,
The rising gale,
Fills every sail,
The ship's well mann'd and stor'd.
Then sling the flowing-bowl,
Fond hopes arise,
The girls we prize,
Shall bless each jovial soul;
The cann boys bring,
We'll drink and sing,
While foaming billows roll.

Tho' to the Spanish coast
We're bound to steer,
We'll still our rights maintain,
Then bear a hand, be steady boys,
Soon you'll see,
Old England once again:

From

From shore to shore,
While cannons roar,
Our Tars shall show,
The haughty foe,
Brittannia rules the main.



S O N G.

Sung by Mr. ARROWSMITH.

WHEN 'tis night and the mid-watch is come,
And chilling mists hang o'er the dark'n'd
main;

Then sailors think of their far distant home,
And of those friends they ne'er may see again!
But when the fight's begun,
Each serving at his gun,
Shou'd any thought of them come o'er our mind,
We think but shou'd the day be won,
How 'twill cheer
Their hearts to hear,
That their old companion he was one.

Or my lad, if you a mistress kind,
Have left on shore some pretty girl and true,
Who many a night doth listen to the wind,
And sighs to think how it may fare with you!
O when the fight's begun,
Each serving at his gun,
Shou'd any thought of her come o'er your mind,
Think only should the day be won,
How 'twill cheer,
Her heart to hear,
That her own true sailor he was one.

SONG.

S O N G

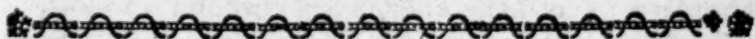
Written by Mr. DIBDIN.

I AM a jolly Fisherman,
 I catch what I can get,
 Still going on my betters' plan,
 All's fish that comes to net ;
 Fish, just like men, I've often caught,
 Crabs, gudgeons, poor John, codfish,
 And many a time to market brought
 A dev'lish sort of odd fish.
 Thus all are fisherman through life,
 With weary pains and labour,
 This baits with gold, and that a wife,
 And all to catch his neighbour.
 Then praise the jolly fisherman,
 Who takes what he can get,
 Still going on his betters' plan,
 All's fish that comes to net.

The pike, to catch the little fry,
 Extends his greedy jaw,
 For all the world, as you and I,
 Have seen your man of law;
 He who to laziness devotes
 His time is sure a numb fish,
 And members who give silent votes
 May fairly be call'd dumb fish ;
 False friends to eels we may compare,
 The roach resembles true ones ;
 Like gold-fish we find old friends rare,
 Plenty as herrings new ones.
 Then praise, &c.

Like

Like fish then mortals are a trade,
 And trapp'd, and sold, and bought;
 The old wife and the tender maid
 Are both with tickling caught;
 Indeed the fair are caught 'tis said,
 If you but throw the line in,
 With maggots, flies, or something red,
 Or any thing that's shining:
 With small fish you must lie in wait
 For those of high condition,
 But 'tis alone a golden bait
 Can catch a learn'd physician.
 Then praise the jolly fisherman,
 Who takes what he can get,
 Still going on his betters' plan,
 All's fish that comes to net.



S O N G.

POOR JACK. *By Mr. DIBDIN.*

GO patter to lubbers and swabs, do you see,
 'Bout danger, and fear, and the like;
 A tight water boat, and good sea-room give me,
 And it e'n't to a little I'll strike:
 Tho' the tempest top-gallant-mast smack-smooth
 should smite,
 And shiver each splinter of wood,
 Clear the wreck, stow the yards, and bowse every
 thing tight,
 And under reef'd fore-sail we'll scud,—

Avast!

Avast ! nor don't think me a milk sop so soft,
 To be taken for trifles a-back ;
 For they say, there's a Providence sits up aloft—
 To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

Why, I heard the good Chaplain palaver one day,
 About souls—heaven—mercy—and such ;
 And, my timbers ! what lingo he'd coil and belay !
 Why, 'twas just all as one as High Dutch.
 But, he said, how a sparrow can't founder, d'ye
 see,

Without orders that come down below ;
 And many fine things, that prov'd clearly to me ;
 That providence takes us in tow.
 For, says he, do you mind me, let storms e'er so
 oft

Take the top-lifts of sailors a-back,
 There's a sweet little cherub sits perched up aloft,
 To keep watch for—the life of Poor Jack.

I said to our Poll, (for you see she would cry)
 When last we weigh'd anchor for sea,
 " What argufies sniv'ling and piping your eye ?
 Why, what a damn'd fool you must be !
 Can't you see the world's wide, and there's room
 for us all,

Both for seaman and lubbers ashore ;
 And if to old Davy I go, my dear Poll,
 Why, you never will hear of me more !
 What then !—all's a hazard—come, don't be so soft
 Perhaps I may laughing come back ;
 For d'ye see, there's a cherub sits smiling aloft,
 To keep watch for—the life of Poor Jack.

D'ye

D'ye mind me, a sailor should be, ev'ry inch,
All as one as a piece of the ship,
And with her brave the world, without off'ring to
flinch,

From the moment the anchor's a-trip,
As to me, in all weathers, all times, tides, and
ends.

Nought's a trouble from duty that springs;—
My heart is my Poll's—and my rhino my friends;
And as for my life,—'tis my King's!

E'en when my time comes, ne'er believe me so soft
As with grief to be taken a-back ;
That same little cherub that sits up a loft,
Will look out a good birth for Poor Jack !"



S O N G.

Sequel to Poor Jack by Mr. MOULDS.

WHEN last honest Jack, of whose fate I now
sing,
Weigh'd anchor, and cast out for sea,
For he ne'er refus'd for his country and King
To fight, for no lubber was he ;
To hand, reef, and steer, and bouse every thing
tight,
Full well did he know every inch,
Tho' the top-lifts of sailors the tempest should
smite,
Jack never was known for to flinch,
Tho' the toplists, &c;

Aloft

Aloft from the mast-head one day he espy'd
 Seven sail, which appear'd to his veiwi,
 Clear the decks, sponge the guns, was instantly
 cry'd,

And each to his station then flew;
 They fought until most of their fellows were slain,
 And silenc'd was every gun,
 'Twas then that old English valour was vain,
 For by numbers, alas! they're undone.

Yet think not bold Jack, tho' by conquest dif-
 may'd,

Could tamely submit to his fate,
 When his country he found he no longer could
 serve,

Looking round, he address'd thus each mate,
 What's life, d'ye see, when our liberty's gone,

Much nobler it were for to die,
 So now for old Davy, then plung'd in the main,
 Ere the cherub above heav'd a sigh.

S O N G.

Written by Mr. DIBDIN.

JACK Ratlin was the ablest seaman,
 None like him could hand, reef, and steer,
 No dangerous toil but he'd encounter,
 With skill, and in contèmp of fear:
 In fight a lion. the battle ended,
 Meek as the bleeting lamb he'd prove;
 Thus Jack had manners, courage, merit—
 Yet did he sigh, and all for love.

The

The song, the jest, the flowing liquor,
For none of these had Jack regard:
He while his messmates were carousing,
High sitting on the pendant yard,
Would think upon his fair one's beauties,
Swear never from such charms to rove,
That truly he'd adore them living,
And, dying, sigh—to end his love.

The same express the crew commanded
Once more to view their native land,
Among the rest, brought Jack some tidings,
Would it had been his love's fair hand!
Oh fate!—her death defac'd the letter,
Instant his pulse forgot to move,
With quiv'ring lips, and eyes uplifted,
He heav'd a sigh—and dy'd for love.



S O N G.

Written by Mr. DIEBOLD.

I Sail'd in the good ship the Kitty,
With a smart blowing gale and rough sea,
Left my Polly, the lads call so pretty,
Safe here at an anchor, Yo Yea,

She blubber'd salt tears when we parted,
And cried, now be constant to me;
I told her not to be down-hearted,
So up went the anchor, Yo Yea.

E

And

And from that time, no worse nor no better,
I've thought on just nothing but she;
Nor could grog nor flip make me forget her,
She's my best bower anchor, Yo Yea.

When the wind whistled larboard and starboard,
And the storm came on weather and lea,
The hope I with her should be harbour'd
Was my cable and anchor, Yo Yea.

And yet, my boys, would you believe me,
I return'd with no rhino from sea,
Mistress Polly would never receive me,
So again I heav'd anchor, Yo Yea.

S O N G,

THE WATERY GRAVE.

Written and Sung by Mr. DIBDIN.

WOULD you hear a sad story of woe,
That tears from a stone might provoke,
'Tis concerning a far you must know,
As honest as e'er biscuit broke;
His name was Ben Block, of all men,
The most true, the most kind, the most brave,
But harsh treated by fortune, for Ben
In his prime found a watery grave.

His place no one ever knew more,
His heart was all kindness and love,
Tho' on duty an eagle he'd soar;
His nature had most of the dove.

He

He lov'd a fair maiden nam'd Kate
His father to interest a slave,
Sent him far from his love, where hard fate,
Plung'd him deep in a watery grave.

A curse on all slanderous tongues,
A false friend his mild nature abus'd,
And sweet Kate of the vilest of wrongs,
To poison Ben's pleasure accus'd;
That she never had truly been kind,
That false were the tokens she gave,
That she scorn'd him, and wish'd he might find
In the ocean a watery grave.

To be sure, from this cank'rous elf
The venom accomplish'd its end,
Ben all truth and honour himself,
Suspected no fraud in his friend.
On the yard, while suspended in air,
A loose to his sorrows he gave,
Take thy wish, he cry'd false cruel fair,
And plung'd in a watery grave.



S O N G.

Written by Mr. DIBDIN.

'TWAS in the good ship Rover
I sail'd the world around,
And for three years and over,
I ne'er touch'd British ground ;

At length in England landed,
 I left the roaring main,
 Found all relations stranded,
 And went to sea again.

That time bound strait to Portugal,
 Right fore and aft we bore,
 And when we made Cape Ortugal,
 A gale blew off the shore;
 She lay so it did shock her,
 A log upon the main,
 Till sav'd from Davy's locker,
 We put to sea again.

Next in a frigate sailing,
 Upon a squally night,
 Thunder and lightning hailing
 The horrors of the fight;
 My precious limb was lopped off,
 I, when they eas'd my pain,
 Thanked God I was not popped off,
 And went to sea again.

Yet still I am enabled
 To bring up in life's rear,
 Altho' I'm quite disabled
 And lie in Greenwich tier;
 The King, God bless his royalty,
 Who sav'd me from the main,
 I'll praise with love and loyalty,
 But ne'er to sea again.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. MAHON.

TWAS at the break of day we spy'd
 The signal to unmoor,
 Which sleepless Caroline descry'd,
 Sweet maid! from Gosport's shore;
 The fresh'ning gale at length arose,
 Her heart began to swell,
 Nor could cold fear the thought oppose,
 Of bidding me farewell.

In open boat the maid of worth,
 Soon reach'd our vessel's side,
 Soon too, she found her William's birth,
 But sought me not to chide;
 "Go," she exclaim'd, for Fame's a cause
 "A female shou'd approve,
 "For who that's true to Honour's laws
 "Is never false to love!

"May heart is loyal, scorns to fear,
 "Nor will it even fail,
 "Tho' war's unequal wild career,
 "Should William's life assail:
 "Tho' Death 'gainst thee exert his sway,
 "Oh, trust me, but the dart
 "That wounded thee, will find it's way
 "To Caroline's true heart.

"Should conquest in fair form array'd,
 "Thy loyal efforts crown,
 "In Gosport will be found a maid,
 "That lives for thee alone:"

May girls with hearts so firm and true,
To love and glory's cause,
Meet the reward they have in view,
The meed of free applause.



S O N G.

Written by Mr. DIBDIN.

THE wind was hush'd, the fleecy wave
Scarcely the vessel's sides could lave,
When in the mizen top his stand,
Tom Clueline taking, spied the land;
Oh what reward for all his toil;
Once more he views his native soil,
Once more he thanks indulgent fate,
That brings him to his bonny Kate.

Soft as the sighs of Zephyr flow,
Tender and plaintive as her woe,
Serene was the attentive eve,
That heard Tom's bonny Kitty grieve,
'Oh what avails,' cried she, 'my pain?
'He's swallow'd in the greedy main!
'Ah never shall I welcome home,
'With tender joy my honest Tom.'

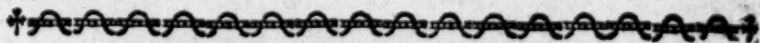
Now high upon the faithful shroud,
The land a while that seem'd a cloud,
While objects from the mist arise,
A feast presents Tom's longing eyes;

A ribbon

A ribband near his heart which lay,
 Now see him on his hat display,
 The given sign to shew that fate
 Had brought him safe to bonny Kate.

Near to a cliff whose heights command
 A prospect of the shelly strand,
 While Kitty fate and fortune blamed,
 Sudden, with rapture she exclaimed,
 ' But see, Oh heaven! a ship in view,
 ' My Tom appears among the crew,
 ' The pledge he swore to bring safe home
 ' Streams on his hat,—'tis honest Tom.'

What now remains were easy told,
 Tom comes, his pockets lined with gold,
 Now rich enough no more to roam,
 To serve his king, he stays at home;
 Recounts each toil, and shews each scar,
 While Kitty and her constant tar
 With rev'rence teach to bless their fates,
 Young honest Tom's and bonny Kate's.



S O N G.

Written by Mr. DIBDIN.

WHILE up the shrouds the sailor goes,
 Or ventures on the yard,
 The landman, who no better knows,
 Believes his lot is hard;
 But Jack, with smiles each danger meets,
 Casts anchor, heaves the log,
 Trims all the sails, belays the sheets,
And drinks his can of grog.

When

When mountains high the waves that swell,
 The vessel rudely bear,
 Now sinking in a hollow dell,
 Now quiv'ring in the air.
 Bold Jack, &c.

When waves 'gainst rocks and quicksands roar,
 You ne'er hear him repine,
 Freezing near Greenland's icy shore,
 Or burning near the line.
 Bold Jack, &c.

If to engage they give the word,
 To quarters all repair,
 While splinter'd masts go by the board,
 And shots sing through the air,
 Bold Jack, &c.

F I N I S.

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